

Topics of the Times

When they get to making print paper from corn stalks the paper trust will have the pith taken out of it.

Sixty years from now the country is likely to be full of old men who will boast that they once caddied for Rockefeller.

Why does Dr. Wiley encourage the people to eat pie? Does he think the country is in danger of becoming overpopulated?

Rev. "Ammunition" Smith reports that the Japanese are "boorish on street cars." We cannot consistently make this habit a *casus belli*.

Most people, when they receive a telegram, are so excited over it that they never stop to think that it is being handed them by a trust.

Mark Twain slapped royalty on the back unrebuked. Mark probably was simply trying to get a joke into Edward's head by way of the spinal column.

A Paris editor speaks of "the remarkable slowness of the United States in building the Panama canal." He was careful not to say "unprecedented" slowness.

A New York man has invented a boat that is expected to cross the Atlantic ocean in thirty-six hours. There will probably not be much spooning on the decks of that craft.

A St. Louis judge has rendered a decision to the effect that a ball player is a laborer. We have seen a number who would undoubtedly make successful hodcarriers with a little judicious coaching.

A Canadian paper says it would do this country good to receive a sound thrashing. That is about the only kind this country is likely to get, the sound being produced by people who talk much and think little.

A rag doll over 2,000 years old is said to have been dug up by an archaeologist. We shudder to think of what future archaeologists will think of us when they dig up a Teddy bear a few thousand years from now.

A Pittsburg woman wants a divorce because her husband thought bean soup was all she ought to eat. If he wants another wife after the courts have granted him his freedom it might pay him to look around in Boston.

A remarkable story comes from Oklahoma. A young man, sturdy and industrious, found a young woman's name and address written on a box of blackberries shipped from a distant county. He did not start a correspondence with her and they were not married.

Mexico is falling into line with the centennial celebration procession. President Diaz is arranging to commemorate the one hundredth anniversary of the beginning of the revolt against Spain which led ultimately to the independence of the republic. The celebration will begin on September 15, 1910.

A man who had been away for fifteen years and whose wife had in the meantime married again, returned to his home at Steubenville, Ohio, the other day. As soon as the second husband saw how things were he walked out the back door, promising never to return. Another Enoch Arden story spoiled.

The other day a bride stepped from her father's house, ran the gauntlet of flying rice and old shoes, and reached the carriage. She was about to enter when an old shoe, hurled by a guest, struck one of the horses. He plunged and frightened his mate. The pair ran, and the bride began her happy life with a broken leg. In time we shall outgrow the thirteenth century style of humor which leads us to add discomfort and embarrassment, if not danger, to a nerve-trying ceremony.

Life insurance in Germany has had the astonishing effect of increasing the tenure of life among its beneficiaries. A German law, originally designed to protect the state from pauperism resulting from invalidity, provides that every workman must insure himself against illness. Half the premium, which is small, is paid by the employer. It was soon found that in some industries many workers developed consumption and were incapacitated. The success of the whole scheme of obligatory insurance was threatened. As a purely economic matter it became necessary to protect workmen against consumption and to provide hospitals for the cure of the disease. It was "good busi-

ness" for the government to make its law practicable by assisting the hospitals, and for the capitalists to keep workmen sound and healthy. The lesson from this is not an argument in favor of obligatory insurance, but a deeper lesson, the value to society of the life of a man and the great return on the investment of money spent to prevent and cure disease.

More lives have been lost by accidents on American warships in the past two years than were lost in the navy during the war with Spain. Sixty-one officers and men have been killed in the navy by accidents in the past four years, which is many times more than the destruction in the navy during the war of 1898. In the past ten years 325 officers and men have been killed in explosions and other sorts of mishaps on six or eight vessels. What has been the cause of all of this destruction—carelessness, lack of skill, or defects in the guns or the machinery? A service periodical named the Navy, in an article published before the recent explosion in the turret of the Georgia, intimates that the American war vessels are not quite so formidable as they look. It says there are defects in the guns, in the machinery which works them, and in the hulls which carry them. As the war vessels of other nations, however, have had similar or worse mishaps, the defects, if there be any, must be widely extended. Newspapers and public men are not quite so free in the European countries in expressing their views about the armies or navies of their own lands as they are in the United States, and this reticence probably conceals many things which, if disclosed, would disturb the public. Occasionally, however, even in Germany, as seen from two books printed in the past year or two, inside information is divulged about the army and the navy which shows that the greatest of the world's military powers has defects in both of the fighting arms of its service which show that the United States does not stand alone in this unpleasant relation. But in both army and navy the United States needs a closer approach to perfection than any of the other great nations. Our army is smaller than that of any second-class power of Europe. Although the length of our coast line would render it necessary for us to have as large a navy as England's, we are far behind England in fighting power on the water, and also far behind France. Man for man and ship for ship, we need a better army and better navy than any other country in the world, so as to partly make up in quality what we lack in quantity. The attainment of this standard of excellence should be insisted upon by the American people.

PROPER BREATHING.

More Essential than a Beautiful Voice for Perfect Singing.

I cannot too forcibly insist that the mere possession of a lovely voice is only the basis of vocal art. Nature occasionally startles one by the prodigality of her gifts, but no student has any right to expect to sing by inspiration any more than an athlete may expect to win a race because he is naturally fleet of foot.

Methods of breathing, "attack" and the use of registers must all be perfectly understood by the successful singer, who should likewise be complete master of all details relating to the structure and use of those parts above the voice box and be convinced of the necessity of a perfectly controlled chest expansion in the production of tone.

For perfect singing, correct breathing, strange as it may sound, is even more essential than a beautiful voice. No matter how exquisite the vocal organ may be, its beauty cannot be adequately demonstrated without proper breath control. Here is one of the old Italian secrets which many singers of to-day wholly lack, because they are unwilling to give the necessary time for the full development of breathing power and control. Phrasing, tone, resonance, expression, all depend upon respiration, and, in my opinion, musical students, even when too young to be allowed the free use of the voice, should be thoroughly taught the principles of breathing.—Nelle Melba in Century.

Testing a Submarine Light.

To test the qualities of a submarine electric light a diver at Aberdeen, Scotland, descended twenty feet in muddy water, taking a newspaper and the light down with him. While seated on an anchor at the bottom of the harbor he read aloud ten minutes to the men above, the words being conveyed through the telephone in his helmet. The paper was held eighteen inches from the lamp.

What the Gown Cost.

Gladys—Did that dress cost you much?

Her Married Sister—Oh, no, dear. Only one good cry.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Whenever you hear a conversation in a foreign tongue, it seems that something mighty interesting is escaping.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

RELIGION IN THE BUSINESS WORLD.

By Rev. Amos Judson Bailey.



The industrial triumvirate is composed of the employers, the employees, and the public, with the government as a fourth party, whose duty it is to see that all rights are respected and all responsibilities are faithfully discharged. The interests of these three parties are co-ordinate. There is no defense of one party against other parties. A recognition of the equal rights of the three parties does not take from the employers the rights of ownership as commonly interpreted. But it does emphasize the element of stewardship in the interpretation of the rights and responsibilities of ownership.

If there are those who do not want to accept the gospel plan of conduct for the industrial triumvirate because they do not want to "love" the other parties of the triumvirate, let them say so, and then not complain of industrial strife. There is no alternative; it must be industrial righteousness or industrial strife. The call of the gospel is to those who love righteousness and hate strife. And for the saving of industry as for the saving of a man the call of the gospel is "whosoever will." The success of righteousness does not depend on the number of those who indorse it, but on the loyalty of those who appeal to it. The code of Jesus applied to industries will not help men to get rich and at the same time to treat other men as enemies. But men whose first ambition is to make friends of all other men, as they have opportunity and as they are able, will find with the wealth of such friendship there will be added all the wealth that earth can give and heaven approve. Because the gospel offers industrial peace, men can secure it. It is worth the effort.

CULTIVATE SELF-ESTEEM.

By Juliet V. Strauss.



Nobody's life is a failure unless he himself considers it so. If it suits him, that is all that is necessary. A man may be a bore, he may be utterly useless and inefficient, or he may be unendurably officious and always bobbing up at the wrong time, but so long as he doesn't know it he is fortunate above everybody else.

There is a certain class of people whom I often think are more to be envied than any others, and that is they who are hopelessly bad form and do not know it. They are handsome, they are elaborate, they are stylish. What more could be desired? Their serenity in coldly tramping down all the unwritten laws of good taste is a terror to beholders, and has a humorous side calculated

LOVE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Cupid's Task Is Not a Pleasant One in Spain and Italy.

That all the world loves a lover has been evidenced by the world-wide interest that has been manifested in the courtships and marriages which have recently taken place in leading official circles of this country and in royal circles abroad. Every movement of the happy persons involved in these incidents has afforded entertainment for the world at large.

Undoubtedly the lot of the American lover is the happiest of all. We hear a great deal of the romance of Spanish love-making, of serenades and whispered conversations, of fan talk and the flashing of dark eyes from the shuttered balcony above.

But the Spanish or Italian lover would tell you that this is all moonshine and that there is mighty little romance in leaning against a wall in a draughty, narrow street, with the mistral, or the levanter—which at home we know prosaically enough as the east wind—cutting one's liver into sole leather and driving through the thickest cloak that the local tailor can turn out.

And this is what the Spanish or Italian lover has to put up with. It is not the custom to invite him in to tea, and pretty well until the banes are up he is expected to do all his love-making from the curbstone. So it happens that a Spanish street at night is lined on either hand by mysterious figures, who appear to be gilded against the white walls like flies on a "catch-em-alive!"

At first, the nervous tourist will button up his coat, and wish he had brought a revolver with him. The sight of these dim figures, cloaked to the eyes, their swarthy faces half covered with soft, slouching felt sombreros, recalls to him every villain in every drama he has ever seen, and as the streets echo with their soft whisperings, he imagines that they are conspiring to murder him.

But no such thing! Were he an inhabitant of the town he would soon recognize the first villain as Pepe Herrero, the ship brokers' clerk, who is desperately in love with Juanita Aramburu, and perhaps, just a little in love with the good house property against which he is leaning, which will all come to Juanita when her mother is gathered to her ancestors in the white-walled catacombs outside the city.

In the second villain we have young Enrique De Molina, son of the proprietor of the Hotel De Paris, who is the

to make a cow laugh. There is only one sort of person who is funnier, and that is one who is just as hopelessly good form. Some form is so good that it is bad, and people who are afflicted with this laborious sort are truly ponderous. Their efforts are as unlike the consummate social grace of those to the manner born as is the playing of the person we used to call a "bumble puppy" at whist to that of the real whist player. The "bumble puppy," however, is all right, because he thinks he is.

It is only when we become a little bit doubtful of our own success that we begin to be pitiable, and people kick us from pillar to post. People like impudence; they like duplicity; they like vanity; they like display. If you are meek and modest, mild and meritorious, just get ready to turn the other cheek, for you will have reason to do so.

If the thought that perhaps, after all, you are not the smartest thing in town begins to creep into your deluded cranium, expel it, as you would any other poisonous sentiment. Remember you are the center of the universe, and let that thought console you; give your hat a little tilt over your nose and step out jauntily, for if you alink, somebody will throw a rock at you or tie a tin can to your coat tail.

DIVORCE AND ALIMONY.

By Margaret S. Harris.



As a rule it is true that when a woman gets a divorce from her husband she wants him still to support her. The judges do wrong in encouraging such actions. In some special cases alimony is all right, but in most it is not, especially when there are no children. A woman should have too much pride and self-respect to want a man whom she will not live with to support her. It is unfair to break up a man's home and then ask him to support a person who declines to live with him.

As a rule, women are selfish. One reason for it is that a woman who does the same work as a man gets only half the pay for it and so the women want the men to even it up. The tendency of late years is for humanity to become more and more selfish. Another thing to be deplored is the great number of suits for breach of promise. It looks as though she had a market price set on her affections when she asks for money because her love is slighted. Whenever a man is sued for breach of promise he should feel thankful that he did not marry the woman. If he has to pay her money he can feel that "the loser is the winner." Such things savor too much of blackmail or a hold-up scheme.

There would be so much selfishness among either men or women if we were not living in a mad scramble for wealth. "Do others or they will do you" is too much the business motto of to-day. We all belong to the human family and we should treat our fellows more as brothers and sisters. If we did so life would be more worth the living than it is at present.

MR. GREENE'S PANAMA HAT.



Papa. Mamma. Johnny. Sister. Grandma. AND HOW THE REST OF THE FAMILY MADE USE OF IT.

"querido" or sweetheart of pretty Elena De Las Sierras, only daughter of the elderly manager of the local branch of the Banco De Espana; and so on.

Let us translate all this love making into English, and here we have, robbed of a romance which is only suppositions, poor Pepe Herrero, or Joe Smith—which is the true English of his name, as frequent in Spain as it is in any other country—making the best love he can to Joan Aramburu, who lives in a second story flat at least 30 feet above his head.

In all sorts of weather Pepe, or Joe, is bound to turn up at 8 o'clock every evening to transmit his love making in hoarse whispers to the balcony whereon his Juanita stands. If he misses an evening, winter or summer, Juanita will want to know the reason why, in just the same sort of plain English as she would if she were Mary Jones.

And so Joe Smith has courted her for the last three years without even the privilege of kissing that tiny hand which waves so whitely in the moonlight above.

The Bishop Apologized.

Dr. Temple was wont to rule the diocese of Exeter with an iron hand, and a tale is told of a deanery meeting at which he presided, when the subject for discussion was "The Hindrances to the Spiritual Life of the Diocese." After the discussion had proceeded for some time a vicar electrified his audience by declaring that the greatest hindrance to the full spiritual life was none other than the bishop himself. "I repeat it," said the speaker calmly, "our right reverend father in God is very far from being a father to any of us. Your manner toward us," he continued, turning to the bishop, "is harsh in the extreme, while your method of rule is this: You treat us all, old and young, as if we were a set of school boys." This bold statement drew from the bishop an apology, and he explained

ed that beneath his brusqueness of manner was a very genuine sympathy with the work of all the clergy. This impeachment created the more sensation in the meeting because it came from a son of Dr. Temple's predecessor, the famous Henry of Exeter.—Westminster Gazette.

Too Rapid Growth.

The minister's 6-year-old son is of a very critical, literal turn of mind, and his father's sermons sometimes puzzle him sorely. He regards his father as the embodiment of truth and wisdom, but he has difficulty in harmonizing the dominie's pulpit utterances with the world as it really is. His parents encourage him to express his opinions, and clear up his doubts as much as possible. So one Sunday at dinner, after a long period of thought, they were not surprised when he said, gravely, "Papa, you said one thing in your sermon to-day that I don't think is so at all."

"Well, what's that, my boy?" asked the clergyman.

"Why, papa, you said 'the boy of to-day is the man of to-morrow.' That's too soon."

The Names of Tea.

We talk glibly about Pekoe, Bohem, etc., but few people have any idea of what these names signify.

"Pekoe," in the dialect of Canton, means "white hair," for the tea which bears this name is made from the youngest leaves, so young that the white down is still on them.

"Soochong," in the same dialect, is a quite unpoetic name; it merely signifies "small kind."

"Flourishing spring" is the meaning of "Hyson."

"Congo" signifies "labor;" much trouble and toll are expended in its preparation at Amoy, and these are commemorated in its name.

"Bohem" is called after a range of hills.—Portland Journal.

Every old timer will tell you there isn't much grace in the modern dance.